

PRICE. THREEPENCE

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1894.

Y, and BUTCHART, Auctioneers | **FOR** Sale, at the Stores of
 street, 10 miles from New York

[illegible]

THE GROWTH OF NEW YORK.

OUR CITY ARCHITECTURE—NEW BUILDINGS. A DUTCH house—squat and thickset, like Dutchman himself—with its tiers of windows, resembling a succession of cockles, placed one over the other, with its multiplicity of chimneys, its verandahs, its narrow doorway and its antiquated position. Dutch houses are an interesting object. Contrast it with the fashionable residence—next door, towering up six or eight stories, substantial and yet elegant, unassuming and yet tasteful, the type of modern domestic architecture. This is a fair example of the change which half a century has brought about in our city. We have outstepped time with a gigantic stride. The old gentleman is too slow for us; and when he reaches the year A.D. 1900, he will find us a long way ahead.

Art is a true barometer of civilisation and refinement. It indicates the prosperity of a people. A country distracted by political discord, or overburdened with commercial difficulties, has no time to devote to its encouragement. It is with peculiar satisfaction, therefore, that we regard the progress we have made in the art of building within the last ten years. Streets of straggling houses are replaced by well built, regular, and highly ornamented rows of private residences, by vast and costly stores, by magnificent and commodious hotels; and the architecture of New York, once properly abused, has assumed a character peculiarly its own, and now rivals that of any European city.

We are not perfect yet, however. We have not unfrequently run into extremes—mistaken poverty for simplicity, and meretricious decorations for richness. The latter is more the propensity of our artists than the former, and it should be especially guarded against. It should be recollected that simplicity and harmony are the very elements of architectural beauty—simplicity in the arrangement of a subject, and harmony in the combination of its various parts; and these are not only necessary in the form and outline of a building, but in its details also. Look, for instance, at that store in Broadway. Can it be more inharmonious? It was originally a fine, massive, substantial structure. Now, the basement has been removed, and iron pillars, quite disproportionate to its size, have been introduced, giving us an idea of an elephant upon the legs of an ostrich. But, to return.

New York is not without its antiquities. Those old-fashioned Dutch houses, scattered here and there throughout the city, are curiosities of architecture which the traveller would do well to visit. Their models might grace the collection of an antiquary; and when we remember that our fathers brought the brick material of which they are composed three thousand miles across the sea, our interest is deepened twenty-fold.

But such objects, interesting as they are, must give way before the march of improvement. Every succeeding year witnesses the removal of some quaint edifice that was wont to attract our notice, and instances of the architectural peculiarities of our Dutch ancestors are becoming rarer and rarer. We recollect one, a house in Fourteenth-street, resembling nothing that we know of either in heaven above or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, and which, therefore, might be worshipped without breaking the commandment. It must be surprised to find its position as well as its claims to superiority so changed in the space of four score years—removed from the solitude of a wilderness to the centre of a mighty city. The contrast is a forcible one. Our improvements in domestic architecture could not be better exemplified; and the picture presented is by no means an exaggerated type of the rapidity with which we are travelling along the road of material progress.

Time was when man regarded architecture as an art to be devoted to one especial purpose. Provided his church, and all that was magnificent, and all that was beautiful, he was content. To-day, the traveller may wander through the streets of New York, and among the two hundred and seventy churches which the city contains, he will seek in vain for one to be compared either in size or splendour with the time-worn cathedrals of every European town. He will find, no doubt, much to admire. He will find beauty, simplicity, and harmony in the architecture of most of our places of public worship. He will be charmed with Trinity and Grace Churches, but he will see nothing attempted, even there, on a grand or imposing scale. It is not our boast that expenditure has been lavished, and a country impoverished, for the purpose of decorating an empty shell.

Turn to our public buildings—choose the best of the lot—the City Hall, the Custom House, the Exchange, and the Tombs, for example—there is little room for vaunting our superiority here. The City Hall, some time considered the finest edifice in the city, is altogether strangely at variance with the acknowledged ruler of art. We do not mean to assert that originality ought to be scouted. Far from it. But in the building in question, there is such a medley of styles—Gothic, Corinthian, and Composite—mixed up recklessly with some rare inventions of the architect, in his own positive style, a sort of Dutch Corinthianism—the structure possesses none of that harmony and simplicity which are the true standard of beauty. As a work of art, the Custom House is infinitely preferable to the City Hall. Some object to it on the ground that its character and application do not agree. It is certainly true that the Doric order was never used by the Greeks, except in temples dedicated to their gods—at least, no examples remain to us of structures of this order which were not for religious purposes. But the question is purely a conventional one, and totally independent of any architectural consideration. The merit or demerit of a composition cannot be affected by the use to which the edifice is applied; and for our part, we see no reason why the New York Custom House should not resemble the Temple of Minerva. Every one admits that the Merchant's Exchange is a fine building—a combination of the Grecian, Ionic, and Corinthian. But there is a want of grandeur about its appearance, and it would sink into insignificance if compared with either the Bourse of Paris, or the Exchange in London. Then again we have the Tombs, much and deservedly admired by those who like to see some resemblance between the style of a work and the purpose for which it was designed. The Egyptian architecture, heavy and massive, is well suited for a prison. An air of gloom pervades even the exterior of the Tombs. The building looks as though it were indestructible—as though the prisoner, once enclosed within its walls, might say to himself and his companions, in the language of Dante: *Luciferi speranza voi ci entrate!*

But if we do not boast that our churches or our public buildings can rival those of European towns, we can point with pride to our banking establishments, our stores, our hotels, our private residences; and ask whether they are surpassed or even equalled by those of

foreign cities? It is in this, in domestic architecture—the most important branch of the art—in which we triumph. This tells of increasing prosperity, more than all the gorgeous temples that were ever raised. Besides several first-class banking establishments recently built—among which the Metropolitan and Seaman's Bank, for architectural beauty, stand pre-eminent. The Corn Exchange Bank is being erected by Messrs. Upham, and Co., at the corner of Beaver and William streets. It is to be in the Italian style, and will cost some 25,000 dollars. Messrs. Thomas and Sons are superintending the building of the "St. Nicholas Bank," at the corner of Wall and New streets, and the Greenwich Savings Bank, at the corner of Waverley-place and Sixth avenue, both superb structures of Connecticut brown stone. The same gentlemen are the architects of the Union Club House, about to be built on Fifth avenue, at the corner of Twenty-first street. This edifice will have more architectural pretensions than almost any other in the city, and will rival the clubs in London. Its cost will be enormous. It is expected to be ready for occupation in about a year. The entrance will be on Twenty-first-street through a large arched opening, with clustered Corinthian pilasters, and columns on either side continuing round the building, supporting a rich entablature, and resting on pedestals. Both fronts up to the second story will be faced with rusticated ashlar, having heavy moulded architraves and key-stones to the windows. Around the top of the structure, which is to be three stories high, exclusive of attic and basement, will be a cornice of the original composition of the architect, having scrolls, scrolls, and scrolls, and scrolls, and scrolls. But the most attractive part of the front on Fifth avenue will be a large circular headed window in the centre of the first story. The architrave, with an ornamented key stone, will rest on the entablature of coupled Ionic columns and on either side of these will be projecting Corinthian columns standing on pedestals, with the entablature breaking out and around. The front on Twenty-first street will be divided into three parts, the centre being uniform, with the front on Fifth avenue, and the sides having large venetian windows, with stone mullions, architraves, trusses, &c., like the others. Altogether, from the design of the work, and the professional reputation of the architects, we have little doubt that the Union Club House, when finished, will be one of the first attractions in New York.

Among the improvements in the business part of the city, a factory for the manufacture of sheet lead and tin and lead pipe, in Beekman-street, now nearly completed, and made entirely of iron, is especially worthy of notice. This is, we believe, the only first proof building in the city. It has a handsome front, five stories high, in the Corinthian style—each story being somewhat loftier than usual. Another very substantial structure, with an iron front, is No. 338, Broadway. Its style is peculiar, but not inelegant—resembling the Moorish or Saracenic—the distinctive features being the horseshoe arch of the windows, and the enrichment of the walls, which perhaps is rather monotonous. A similar building stands on No. 16, Barclay street, but displays little taste. It has been painted a deep vermilion. Each of these will only cost from 20,000 dollars to 25,000 dollars, and this cannot be thought expensive for stores of their pretensions, especially when, at the present moment, the price of iron is so high. We have, indeed, ample grounds to hope that one day we shall have an entirely new architecture arising from the employment of this new material.

The advantages to be derived from using iron in domestic architecture are numerous. Insurance is unnecessary—space is saved—the great difficulty of covering large buildings architecturally is overcome—the walls, if hollow and filled with sand, will prevent the transmission of sound, and their power of retaining heat, and the facilities they offer for artificial warming are great; and a house of this material would always be worth so much per pound. A wide field for decoration is likewise open, for iron requires painting. It has been truly said "that the principal architecture of the world have been indebted for their fundamental expressions to particular references to the laws of gravitation. Every legitimate kind of reference, which is capable of being made in stone or brick, appears to have been exhausted; but iron is capable of affording two new references of which stone and brick are incapable, namely, suspension and impension of weight. These principles have already been frequently and splendidly employed in the mechanical arts, but no distinctly architectural development of them has ever been attempted. The constructive ideas of Gothic and Arabian architectures are such that they can only be fully realized in iron. The fancy is scarcely able to pursue the reality which has become possible for Gothic architecture through the present abundance of iron and glass, and the skill we have attained in working them.

Brick, generally speaking, the material of which the mass of New York houses is composed, and for this reason it is apt to be despised by those who seek for something less common. But this is a mistake. The material, common as it is, possesses many advantages—it is cheap—it has inherent color, and is more enduring than most kinds of stone. Bricks can, moreover, be moulded into any form or shape; and with them, architectural decoration might be developed in a manner which could only be done at an immense cost with stone. Many of our best and most substantial buildings are composed of brick, and when properly trimmed with granite or brown stone the effect is by no means displeasing. Some very fine stores of this description are now being built. Those at the corners of Broadway and Fulton, Fulton and William, Church and Vesey, and Nos. 5, 7, and 9 in Whitehall streets, are fair examples. When completed they will cost some 25,000 dollars each.

Brown stone, now very much used among us, is a splendid material for architectural purposes. The amount of building going on in this as in brick is something fabulous. We can not pretend to give the number of new stores commenced within the last few months, but will only allude to the most prominent. On Nos. 13 and 15, Park-place, an extensive wholesale dry goods store is being raised, with two fronts in the composite style, one on Park-place, and the other on Murray-street, at an estimated cost of 125,000 dollars. In Murray-street there are four, in Barclay-street there are likewise four, and in Warren-street there are some sixteen new stores being built of the same material, which are to cost from 18,000 dollars to 25,000 dollars each. In these streets also there is about the same number of white marble edifices springing up. This is becoming quite a common material. The Corinthian columns of the basement of a new store at the corner of Warren-street and Broadway have just been raised. This building threatens to rival Stewart's. It is to cost 150,000 dollars. Along Broadway the pedestrian is interrupted at every block of

houses he passes by masons and stonecutters. Marble and stone are vying with each other for the mastery. Nos. 99, 101, 104, 409, 406, and 408, are neat and tasteful buildings of the latter material; further up town, Nos. 631, 633, 635, and 637, are perfect palaces, with magnificent marble fronts, five stories high, the first story being of cast iron and handsomely ornamented. But it would take up too much space to notice even superficially the buildings which have contributed so much to the improvement of our city within the last few months. Whole streets are being swept away, and are being rebuilt with marvellous rapidity. We have no hesitation in saying that there must be, at least, from eighty to a hundred first-class stores now in the course of erection in the city, each of which will cost from 18,000 to 150,000 dollars. None of these, perhaps, can yet be said to equal Stewart's, but we may well be proud of them. They tell of the flourishing condition of our trade—the wealth of our merchants, and of an unabated spirit of energy and enterprise.

In no other New York stands obviously first among the capitals of the world. In Broadway alone there are a dozen, each far exceeding anything of the kind that has ever been attempted in Europe. The Astor has long since fallen into the shade in an architectural point of view. Cold granite has now given place to white marble, and a heavy style of architecture to one more tasteful and ornamental. But considering the pretensions and costly magnificence of such palaces as the Lafarge and St. Nicholas hotels, we do not think that more art might have been displayed in their erection. As a rule, they do not present a sufficient display of enrichment, their facades are somewhat monotonous, and in building of this material, to bring out the variety of light and shade, and relieve their general appearance from the charge of sameness. While on the subject of decorations, we might mention by the way, that a little colouring on the ceiling of Taylor's saloon would not have been amiss. The richness of the decorations is meretricious, and the incessant glare of white and gold, unrelieved by colour, is fatiguing to the eye, and an instance of decidedly bad taste. Independent of these faults, it is, par excellence, the restaurant of the age—unequaled.

Regularly and uniformly of facade in street architecture, is of course impossible, where one building is a store and the next a hotel. This, however, can be attained in streets especially devoted to private residences, and we have some splendid illustrations of the practice up town, as in parts of Fourteenth-street, Fifth-avenue, and the surrounding localities. These houses are in fact all that could be desired, even by the wealthiest of our citizens. An air of comfort is the leading feature. Their architecture is modest and unpretending, though lacking neither in taste or ornament. This is the true standard of beauty. Ultraism in one building would certainly destroy the harmony and symmetry of a row. We do not question the right of any man to erect any description of house, if he pleases—he may paint it vermilion if he likes, and have all sorts of verandahs and other unsound excrescences; but, however congenial such displays of independence may be to our national character, we do not, like John Bull, carry the feeling into violating the rules of art. None can accuse us, on the other hand, of being mere copyists. Originality of design is manifestly apparent, even in the unostentatious homes of our citizens. Our specimens of architectural beauty—superb as many of them may well be considered—are generally lost sight of amid the mighty mass of finished well-built houses, which is the distinguishing characteristic of the metropolis.

THE FIRST RECORDED ASCENT OF MOUNT ST. HELENS, IN OREGON.

OUR progress through the dense forest was necessarily slow and tedious. At one point one of our pack horses rolled down a steep precipice for several rods, where it would seem impossible for any animal, in doing so, to escape instant death. But upon releasing him from his burden, and assisting him to rise, we found that he was not seriously hurt—our camp and cooking utensils appeared to suffer more injury than the horse.

On the second day further progress with horses was found impracticable. Upon looking around we fortunately found a small patch of grass and camped. The next morning, at break of day, Messrs. Wilson, Smith, Drew, and ourself, took three days' rations, together with such things as were deemed necessary to aid us in the ascent, and left the camp for the summit, distant about four miles in an air line. We found the route a continual steep ascent, with the exception of an occasional descent over a precipitous ledge of rocks. About two miles from our camp we descended a high ledge to the bed of a small stream, which we followed until we struck the lava at the foot of the bare mountain, where vegetation ceases to make its appearance. The portion of this stream which we travelled has a fall of at least one thousand feet to the mile, and a much greater one higher up.

The appearance of the mountain upon a near approach is sublimely grand, and impossible to describe. The blackened piles of lava which were thrown into ridges hundreds of feet high, in every imaginary shape, with an occasional high cliff of primitive formation, seeming to lift its head above and struggle to be released from its compressed position, impressed the mind of the beholder with the power of Omnipotence, and the insignificance of human power when compared with nature's God. Above all stands a tower of eternal rock and snow, apparently stretching its high head far above the clouds and looking down with disdain upon all beneath. The glaring sunbeams upon the "snows of a thousand winters" serve by contrast to make the immense piles of lava appear blacker than they otherwise would.

We commenced the ascent at once, on the south side, by climbing up the cliffs of lava towards a small cluster of spruce trees which stand a short distance from the line of perpetual snow. After several hours' hard toil we reached this point, and finding a few sticks of dry wood, kindled a fire, and made our camp for the night. We here supplied ourselves with water by melting snow. We found the night cold and extremely uncomfortable—our party did not find much repose, and as the eastern sky commenced to show the approach of day, we left the camp and pursued our way upward. The higher we ascended the more difficult became our progress. Suffice it to say, that by constant and persevering effort we were enabled to reach the highest pinnacle of the mountain soon after meridian. The atmosphere produced a singular effect upon all the party; each face looked pale and sallow, and all complained of a strange ringing in the ears. It appeared as if there were hundreds of fine-toned bells jingling all around us. Blood started from our noses, and all of us found respiration difficult. With this exception we all felt well. It would be futile to attempt to give our readers a correct idea of the appearance of the vast extent of country visible from the top of this mountain. The

ocean, distant over one hundred miles, was plainly seen. The whole coast and Cascade ranges of mountains could be plainly traced with the naked eye. The snow covered peaks of Mount Hood, Hainier, and two others, seemed close by. These form a sort of amphitheatre on a large scale, diversified with hills and valleys.

The crater has been represented to be on the south-west side of the mountain, which is not the case. We took the bearing from the top with a compass, and found it to be on the north-east side. The smoke was continually issuing from its mouth, giving unmistakable evidence that the fire was not extinguished. There is much more snow on the north than on the south side; on the latter it is bare in spots, while on the former it is hundreds of feet deep. We examined fissures in the snow several rods across, which extended a great length along the side of the mountain; and on throwing a stone down heard it strike a long distance from us.

After spending sufficient time to see what was to be seen, and building a pyramid of loose stones on the highest spot of level earth and ashes, we commenced our descent, and reached our camp at four o'clock in the afternoon, tired and worn out in body and boots. At dark we reached the timber, and encamped for the night. The next morning we left our encampment on the mountain for home, which we reached in four days.

There is but little good tillage land on the route we traversed. We passed two very good prairies, of sufficient extent for several claims on each, but with these exceptions, and an occasional small tract of bottom land, we saw nothing inviting to an agriculturist. The timber is large, and stands very thick until near the mountain, where it becomes very scrubby. In cutting our names upon trees near the top, we found the bark on the spruce fully an inch in thickness, while in the low lands it was scarcely one fourth as thick.

We have only to add that we are fully satisfied with our trip, and are willing hereafter to let others explore mountain peaks, while we will devote our time to matters requiring less labor, and fraught with more of the comforts of life than we have experienced in this trip to the top of Mount St. Helens.

COAL AT SINAI.

(From the Daily News, November 3.)

EGYPT is in a state of excitement just now about something else than the annual inundation. The Nile has risen well this year; the agriculture of the valley is safe; and the Cairo people have leisure and attention for the great news—that a coal mine has been discovered on Mount Sinai. The news is of very great importance to the Pacha, and he has sent off engineers to examine into the matter, and ordered preparations to be made for the immediate working of the field, if the coal should prove to be of a quality that will repay the cost.

It is not often that the discovery of any natural wealth excites so much interest, so much emotion, as the bringing to light of coal on Mount Sinai. The Pacha, it is said, is highly delighted. It is not difficult to see why. Though the place is sacred in Mahometan as in Jewish and Christian eyes, it is not exclusively so—ever as regards that region. The whole region is peopled with saints; and among the sacred wonders are the deserted copper works, here and there, with Egyptian inscriptions, and traces of the commerce which went on along the coasts of the Red Sea, when Akaba was the main port, and Petra the depot of Oriental commerce. It is doubtless more painful to the Arabs and their rulers to see the seas once traversed by that commerce filling up with coral shoals than to hear of the prosaic and secular discovery of coal in such a place as Mount Sinai. As for the Cairenes, the district about Sinai is expensive to their Government; and as to the residents, Christians and Arabs, they are poor and uncomfortable; and to both, a discovery of coal in the midst of them must be a wonderful event. The Pacha thinks of the coaling of our vessels at Suez, and of the vast advantage it would be to him to supply our steamers with coal of his own a little further down the coast. He thinks of the existing commerce of Sinai—of the camel-loads of earth which are carried from Cairo to make the gardens of the convent where are grown the medicinal herbs by the sale of which the monks are chiefly supported. Those herbs, and the manna collected by the Arabs, and the palm-brandy made at the convent, are about all the articles of production which find their way to any distant place. The commerce on the spot is merely between the monks and the surrounding tribes. The monks, shut up in their fortified convent, in the perpetual fear of the Bedouens, feed them when they need, and indulge them with fruit when particular soothing is required; receiving in return some prepared wool and goat's hair, and camel's dung and charcoal for fuel. What a change will the production of coal on the spot make here! Every inch of charcoal, made from scattered desert trees, is now a treasure. What a sight it will be when the convent lentils are cooked over an effectual fire; and when the caves at Petra send forth their shine at night, not for a few stony minutes, but without stint and till morning. The burning bush, the local relic over which the convent is built, may lose some of its significance to the local worshippers in course of time, if their associations with charcoal are transferred to coal; but this will be only the change of ideas among the many that must follow the opening up of any new commercial resource. When instead of the winding caravan moving on in perpetual terror of robbers without the ranks, and hunger and cholera within, there shall be a railway to the coast, joining the valleys, and embanking the watercourses, and stimulating the Government and the residents to the recovery of every old well, and the search for fresh ones, there will be a bewildering rush of new ideas and wants on the narrow minds of the few people who nestle about the old mount. A greater revolution is seldom undergone in human experience. The spot is the very abode of silence. Hence more is made of thunder there, at this day, than in any other known spot. Burckhardt heard such tales from the monks and Bedouens of noises among the rocks, and found every such incident so carefully dated and registered, that he went about searching for traces of volcanic action, of which there were none. The thunder-clap and growl, the snarling of camels, and the cries of Bedouens under the walls, are all the sounds the monks ever hear except their own chanting in church. If now they are to hear the pick of tools, and the blasting of rock, and the rumble and rattle of the railway train, their old world will appear to them not the same place. And then merchants will find out the pale recluses within the walls, and the swarthy tribes without; and the night will be seen on a smaller scale than now starts the traveler in the country of Candace in the bazaar at Hebron, and the suburbs of

Damascus—a display of Sheffield implements, and of Manchester cottons and Yorkshire camels. We may understand, after a moment's consideration, why the Pacha of Egypt is delighted at the news from the opposite shore.

It may take more than a moment's consideration to reconcile the English reader to the tidings—that to endure such an association of ideas as that of a coal mine with the name of the locality. But reconciled he must be, if the news is true; and reconciled he may be by a brief process of thought. He does not start back from the thought of ancient commerce which is dignified by ancient names, or which consisted of things not in common use, which has no objection to read of Shittim wood, which is the very wood now made into charcoal, and sold at the convent; nor at the cedar, and woven stuffs, and dyes, and pearl, and all the other fine things that passed through Damascus and Petra; and such articles were and are as familiar to Oriental traders as coal, hardware, and cottons are to us. We coal our ships now at Suez, within a view of places as venerable in history as Sinai itself; and we barter our wares at Jerusalem and Damascus as freely as the Jews do in London. Moreover, the time has come, under the laws of nature, when places, as well as races, must exhibit new characteristics. Anglesey was once solemn with its hoary oaks, and their draped priests armed with the golden sickle; yet there we have opened coal mines, and have intersected the island with a railway. In the dark Bohemian forests, which teem with historical and religious interest, there are forty beds of coal under the pick. In Castile and Aragon, coal is brought from beneath the soil trodden by the Middle Ages heroes; and if we go much further back, among the earliest rumours of the Greek history, we shall find some of our favourite legends hanging about spots where explorers are telling that they have bored successfully for coal. It is natural to us to desire to keep the ideal world separate as long as we can from the actual world of our daily business; but when, without participation of our own utility opens up in the midst of antiquity and sanctity, we must dismiss any willful regrets, and regard the matter as it is. Doing that, we shall be pretty sure to find something better than what we lose. If, for instance, this news from Mount Sinai is true, we must not forget that the sickness of body and degradation of mind which now fills the convent will be cleansed out, and replaced by something better. There is nothing sacred in the ignorance and disease of the ignorant and brandy-drinking monks. Nor is there anything so poetical in the life of the desert tribes but that we should be glad to see them better fed and comforted, and more civilised, even by means of the opening of a coal mine at their feet. As for Egypt, we cannot but rejoice at every accession of natural wealth which may promote the industrial spirit among her people, and enhance the social consequence of her rulers. As for India, it will benefit by every new facility afforded to European transit; and we must regard the opening of a supply of coal on the main route as a great facility.

It is striking to think what the revolution of time has wrought. When man was rare on that spot, or perhaps non-existent, there was the luxuriant vegetation that was preparing for its future uses; tropical forests and savannahs which were succeeded, after uncounted ages, by the desolate rocks and sandy valleys in which man was rare perfume. Now, if man is to open up again the ancient vegetation, the palms and their fruits, the prodigious cactus, the monstrous ferns, and all the obdurate relics of the age of deposit, and make of them means of transit to jungles and savannahs which will themselves be the coal beds of far remote ages, we may surely see some beauty in the midst of the utility, and the glad of both. On the whole, let us all hope the news is true, and that we shall be able to congratulate upon it the Pacha, the Monks, the Arabs, and ourselves.

[The interesting and striking character of the above remarks and anticipations has induced us to give them a place. We must, however, confess that we are extremely sceptical as to the alleged discovery of coal on Mount Sinai. The accounts of the geological formation not only of Sinai Propet, but of the whole Sinai peninsula, given by Ruppell and other scientific travellers, render such a discovery extremely improbable. Add to this that ever since Mehmet Ali began to promote industrial pursuits, Egypt has been inundated with successive flocks of Dousterswivels, promising its rulers coal and other mines in all directions, that the report of a mineral discovery from that quarter is as sure to arouse incredulity as one of Napoleon's bulletins. This doubt, however, of the fact does not impair the value of the ingenious and imaginative moralising that our able correspondent has based on its assumption.]

INDIAN THEOLOGY.—The precise idea which the Western Indians entertain of a future life is said to be this:—As soon as the Indian threw off the flesh, he would find himself standing on the bank of the river, the current running with great rapidity. Across this river was a slender pole, stripped of its bark, and lying close down to the surface of the water. The Indian who had lived a good life then sees a bright object on the other side; that was a "Right." He would then, desirous of embracing the pole, unmindful of the raging torrent beneath his feet, arriving in safety on the opposite shore. Right would then lead him amongst mountains covered with gold and silver, into noble hunting grounds, where he would hunt for eternity. But on the other hand, the man who had followed "Wrong" all his life, when attempting to cross the pole, after death, would fall into the foaming stream and be swept down into a whirlpool surrounded by rocks, there he would be carried round for centuries and centuries, until, at last, he would be gradually sucked in towards the centre of the vortex, and finally engulfed in an immense bottomless hole. What became of the unfortunate sinner, the Indians could not surmise, further than he lived for ever.

STAND ASIDE.—At a recent political meeting at the West, a young and ambitious son of Demosthenes mounted the stump, and throwing off his coat, proceeded to speak as follows:—"Mr. Speaker.—When I open my eyes and look over this vast expanse of country; when I see how the years of freedom have caused it to rise in the scale of civilization, and expand on either side; when I see it growing, swelling, roaring, like a spring freshet; I cannot resist the idea, that the day when we come when this great nation, like a young school boy, will burst its straps, and become entirely too big for its boots. Sir, we want elbow room, the continent, and we will have it. Then shall Uncle Sam, placing his hat upon the Canadas, rest his right arm upon the Oregon coast, his left upon the eastern sea board, whistle away the British power, while reposing his leg like a freeman upon Cape Horn. Sir, the day will come—the day must come!" N. Y. Paper.

THE YANKEE.—What race, of past or present time, great or small, that lives in or out of history, on mountains or plains, by oceans or lakes, by the side or beyond the woods, here, there, or anywhere else, equals the full-blooded, bell-top, and wall-to-the-knees Yankee? None, as true as the books of Moses. The Yankee! Bunker Hill Monument and the Fourth of July! he's the greatest specimen of human nature ever yet got out, or in. No mistake in the figures here. He can shout louder, jump higher, swim further, travel faster, eat quicker, get up earlier, punish more liquor, wear taller shirt-collars, preach more religion, blow up more steam-boats, hatch more phylanthropic societies, smash more railroad trains, spout bigger politics, build more houses, lay out more cemeteries, love more pretty girls, read more and thicker books, get up longer and more pious camp meetings, construct bigger and better vessels, grow more and grander stock, get up earlier and supper surries, and turn out later and more magnificent sundowns, father more luxurious delaine, live twice as fast and well, have more churches and better singing, feel more patriotic, go to more balls, run more omnibuses, rivers, and factories, spread wider wings, invent bigger machines, build higher monuments, take longer steps, catch more trout, shoot more "bars," face more brass, skin more finks, pocket more doughnuts, pine-apple more gingerbread, get up more shindies, go to glory and year after next in more and warmer holly-hocks than any other people in the live world, including Jerusalem, Cape Cod, and the Pyramids.

PERPETUAL THIRST.—Some years ago we gave a detailed account of the condition and appearance of a man who was then supposed to be the greatest drinker among men in America, if not on the globe. He is yet living in excellent health, at the age of fifty-eight years, and still remains in a state of perpetual thirst. The individual alluded to is Mr. James Webb, of Fairhaven, Mass. Under every aspect in which the case may be examined, it is remarkable, and perhaps unparalleled in the annals of physiology. In early infancy, the quantity of water he consumed was so large as to astonish those who witnessed it. A development in size and weight of the body required a corresponding increase in the quantity of his aquatic potations. Under ordinary circumstances, three gallons of water is rather a short allowance for him, and it would be impossible, it seems, for him to live through the night with less than a pailful. With this amount of cold water daily poured into his stomach, Mr. Webb has been in good health and spirits. We have the statement of these curious facts unembarrassed by comment, and simply as facts learned either by direct observation or by the testimony of friends. —Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

BLIND PRINTER.—The editor of the Green Castle Banner says that he found a curiosity in a printing office at Gosport:—"One of the gentlemen connected with the establishment is a blind man, and sets up type remarkably well. He is the first blind printer we have ever come across. He stated to us that his average day's work was about 5000 ems! and that he had on several occasions set from 7000 to 9000! His letter is distributed by hand, and his copy read by his partner, his memory being so perfect that he can retain from four to six lines of text. He is finished, he cries the last word 'set,' when another sentence is read, and thus continued on through the day."

THE RIVER AMAZON.—As the navigation of the River Amazon appears to have become a matter of general conversation, the following letter from the National Intelligencer may prove interesting to our readers:—"Your paper of 1st morning contains a paragraph from the New York Express, stating that 'The star of the East, about to sail for Paris, takes out, in sections, two small steamers, one of 200 tons (one is of 60 tons, the other 50), with the machinery, boilers, &c. They are to be put together at Paris, and to go up the Amazon to the Peruvian tributary. They are built here for the Peruvian Government, and a Peruvian officer goes on board. They are bought mainly for exploration rather than for commerce.' The above is correct. The Star of the East, a new and beautiful barque as ever sailed out of New York, is about to sail for Paris. But my object in writing this is to have credit for credit is due. The steamers mentioned were built and shipped under the direction of Dr. Joseph Whitmore, a native of Newburyport, Massachusetts, and from his childhood a student of New Hampshire, one of the most energetic and enterprising spirits of the age. After entering upon his profession, he volunteered as a surgeon in the Florida war, in which he performed the duties of a soldier and surgeon acceptably. After returning to New Hampshire, he went to California, where he spent several years, and then came west to Lima, in Peru. He soon became acquainted with Mr. Clay, our present Minister, who saw and appreciated his talents and enterprise. In March last, he was connected with the Peruvian Government to come to New York and cause the two small steamers to be built and to deliver them at Loreto. Fifteen hundred miles up the Amazon, the Peruvian Government guaranteeing to him that there should not be any interference on the part of Brazil. He arrived in New York in April last, contracted for the steamers, purchased in Portland, Maine, the Star of the East, and is now on his way to the mouth of the Amazon. God speed him! Dr. Whitmore was in this city on Thursday last, and the writer had the opportunity of conversing with him as to his views and prospects. He is perfectly sanguine of accomplishing his purpose of reaching Loreto with his steamers, and from thence returning to Lima over the mountains. From the known energy and enterprise of Dr. Whitmore, it is not surprising that he is of great service to his country in conducting this enterprise. He has had several interviews with Lieutenant Maury since his arrival here in April, and called on the President of the United States when here on Thursday, to whom he presented a memorial in relation to this Government of having the Amazon opened to our commerce. If successful in this enterprise the Doctor will be perfectly prepared to render the most valuable aid to his own country in any negotiation that may be set on foot for giving to the world the treasures of the Amazon." —Pittsburg Paper.

SONNENKUNDE.—We read in the Pays:—"Two very singular facts, and of which the reports of somnambulism will doubtless avail themselves in support of their theories, have just occurred. An old cattle-dealer, named Marchand, who, after having lived in business, took up his residence at Versailles, where he executed the humble occupation of a bailiff-driver, so to time suddenly disappeared after having been seen at the market at Bouen, and left the cattle he was driving straggling about the road. From that time no trace of him has been discovered, until very lately, his wife having consulted a somnambulist in the Faubourg Montmartre, she was told by the woman that her husband had drowned himself, and that his body would be found in a small pond situated in a wood on the road from Bouen to Versailles. On this indication a search was made, and the body of Marchand was found, and as the money he was known to have had about him was found untouched, no doubt of the somnambulist's having committed a crime, as stated by the somnambulist. Some time after this the widow of Marchand, being at Fontainebleau, heard the cry of a gardener near that town deploring the disappearance from her home of her daughter, a little girl about seven years of age. She was recommended by the somnambulist to go and consult a somnambulist to whom she applied. She did so, and was informed that her child had been murdered and the body thrown into the well of a house which she described in the suburbs of Fontainebleau. A search was made, and the body of the girl was found, bearing every mark of death from violence. The man supposed to be the murderer, and of whom the somnambulist gave a rather vague description, was arrested, and it is to take his trial at the next sitting of the Court of Assizes of the Seine-et-Marne. The somnambulist was called on to appear before an examining magistrate in Paris, but she could give no further information. This fact appeared to us to merit mention, from its being the first time that somnambulism has been called on to assist in the operations of justice."

<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page>

LINSEY AND JONES, wholesale and retail cheese, butter, and bacon merchants, 107 N. Second St., Tel. 6-9800.

N.B. To Grocers and others: Just received, 300 splendid apples; also, to be sold in lots to suit the trade. Early application is necessary.

SPECIAL ADVERTISING: The following are some of our products from the Town Hall, 20 West 12th St.:
HAY ON HAND, in lots to suit purchasers; also, 800 bundles of mules.
Families and shipping supplied with all kinds of colonial produce on line shortest notice.

*
LINSLEY AND JONES,

BOWDEN and THEISELKAH have received instructions to sell by auction, at the **Union Hotel, THIS DAY, THURSDAY, the 1st inst.** the following:

On account freight and charges,
24 Stitches cedar
1 ditto ditto
1 log rosewood
3 ditto mountain ash.

Terms, Illinois.

Cedar, Rosewood, Mountain Ash.
Hand-painted and gilded china
Time-timed rosewood carved pedestal
Sungate piano
Hinge-gilt framed chimney glass, paintings, &c.
Sundry painted ware, eight-day clock
Four-post bedsteads and bedding
Sungate and Mahogany
Washstands and furniture, chests drawers
Dress tables and glassware
Case-mounted chairs, bookcases
Carpets and rugs, fenders and screens
Kitchen furniture, and utensils, and other effects
The whole will be on view on Saturday, the 11th.
Terms, cash.

LIQUORS	
80 cases finest Cognac—Bisquit, Brandy, ex Mary Hall	
25 ditto orange sherry—Jays Brand	
25 cask punch, ex Mary Hall	
25 ditto ditto ditto, ditto ditto	
8 quartons—ditto ditto ditto ditto	
BEER.	
20 hogsheads Truman's B.K.'s stout	
25 cask, Alford's ale	
40 cases, each 4 dozen, Barclay's pale ale	
25 ditto ditto, 4 dozen	
25 cask ditto 24 ditto, ditto ditto	
	Terms as above.

1